

MARVEL

LEGACY

THE MIDNIGHT KING RETURNS TO EARTH

10



BLACK BOLT™



**AHMED
WARD
HANS**



is the king of the Inhumans, an off-splinter of humanity imbued with amazing abilities. But these gifts sometimes come with a price: Black Bolt's slightest whisper can shatter mountains. His voice has destroyed many lives, but it has saved countless others.

When the Silent King speaks, the world hears him.

After abdicating the throne, Black Bolt spent months being tortured in an alien prison, thanks to the treachery of his brother, Maximus the Mad. He and his fellow prisoners broke free and destroyed the psychotic Jailer, but Crusher Creel, A.K.A. the Absorbing Man—a villain to some, and yet a friend to Black Bolt in that strange place—lost his life in the battle.

Black Bolt returned to Earth, accompanied by his teleporting dog Lockjaw and the psychic alien child Blinky, to bring the news of Crusher's death to his wife, the super villain Titania. But an old enemy had caught wind of Black Bolt's return: the Inhuman Lash, who seeks unfettered rule over their race. Lash has kidnapped Blinky, leaving Black Bolt and Titania standing helplessly at Crusher's grave.

[Note: This issue takes place alongside the events of
INHUMANS: JUDGMENT DAY #1, on sale now.]

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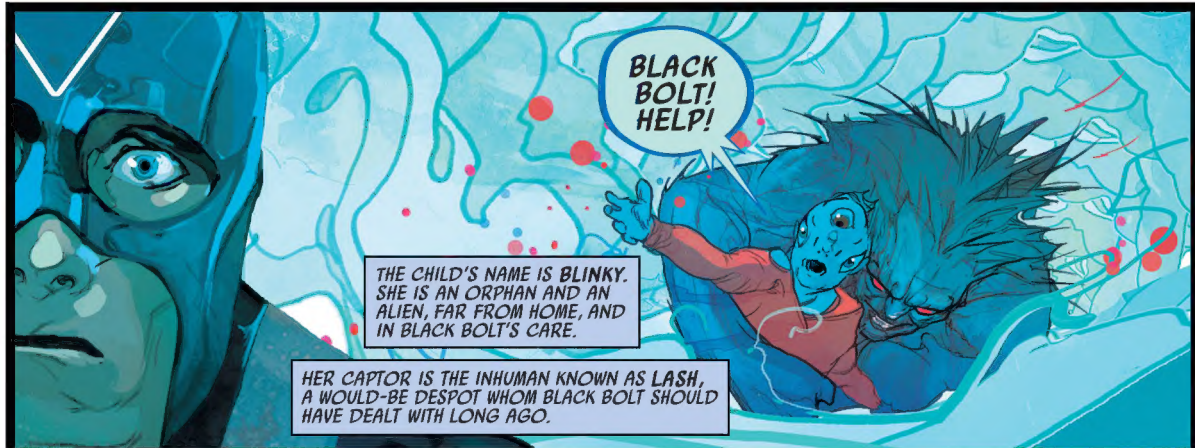
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Special thanks to **AL EWING**



THE CHILD'S NAME IS BLINKY. SHE IS AN ORPHAN AND AN ALIEN, FAR FROM HOME, AND IN BLACK BOLT'S CARE.

HER CAPTOR IS THE INHUMAN KNOWN AS LASH, A WOULD-BE DESPOT WHOM BLACK BOLT SHOULD HAVE DEALT WITH LONG AGO.

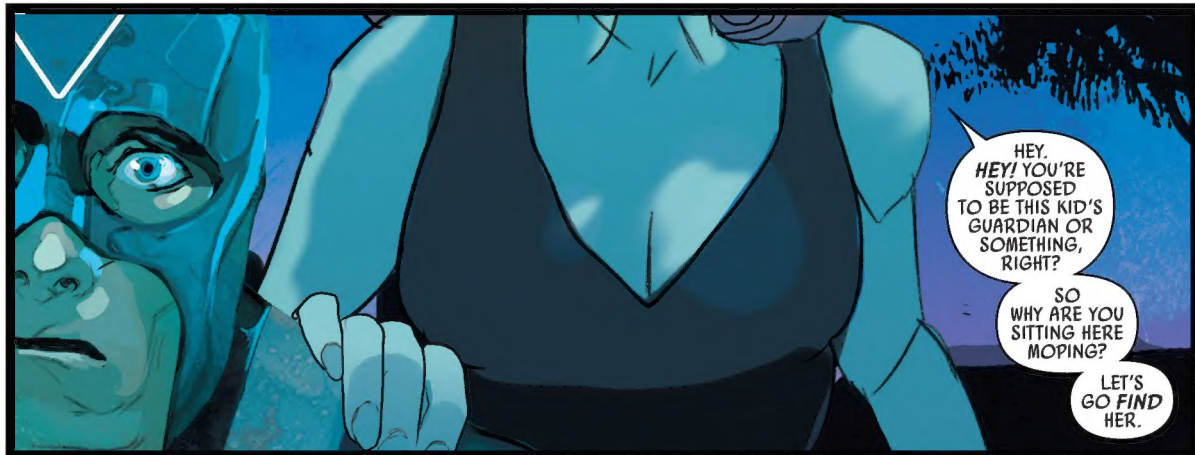


BLACK BOLT HAS FAILED TO VANQUISH HIS ENEMY. FAILED TO PROTECT HIS CHARGE. AGAIN.

HE WONDERS WHETHER HIS LIFE IS ANYTHING OTHER THAN A SUCCESSION OF FAILURES.



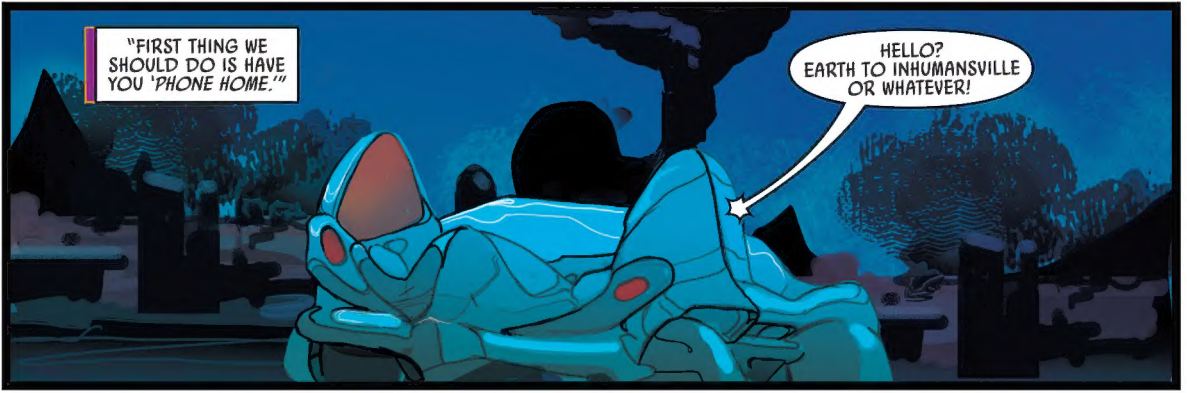
W-WHAT HAPPENED? WHO WAS THAT? WHY'D HE TAKE THE KID?



HEY. HEY! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THIS KID'S GUARDIAN OR SOMETHING, RIGHT?

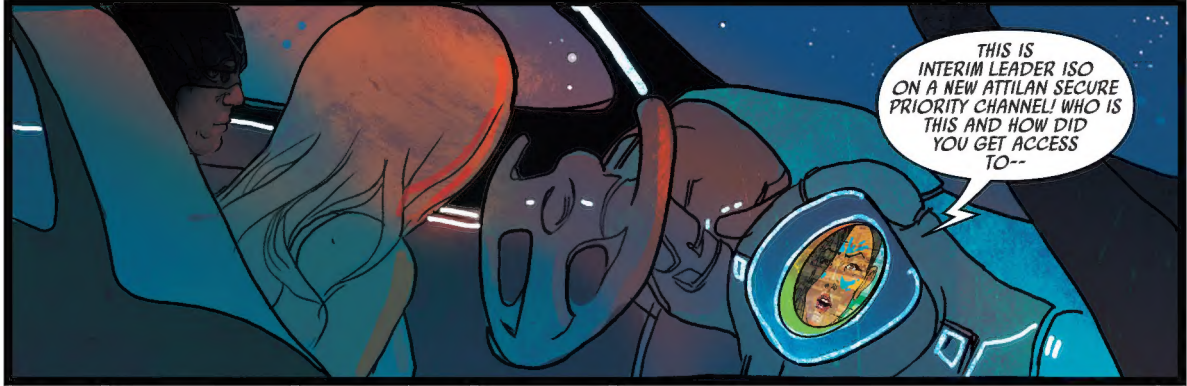
SO WHY ARE YOU SITTING HERE MOPING?

LET'S GO FIND HER.



"FIRST THING WE SHOULD DO IS HAVE YOU 'PHONE HOME."

HELLO?
EARTH TO INHUMANSVILLE
OR WHATEVER!



THIS IS
INTERIM LEADER ISO
ON A NEW ATTILAN SECURE
PRIORITY CHANNEL! WHO IS
THIS AND HOW DID
YOU GET ACCESS
TO--



OH,
BLACK
BOLT. MY
APOLOGIES,
SIR. WHAT
DO--



THAT BLUE KID! SHE GOT SNATCHED,
AND YOUR BOSS OR KING OR
WHATEVER NEEDS YOUR HELP.
THE GUY WHO TOOK HER WAS
HUGE. LASH, HE CALLED
HIMSELF.

LASH? SIR, I STARTED
TO TELL YOU BEFORE YOU
LEFT--WE'VE BEEN GETTING STRANGE
READINGS FOR WEEKS FROM THE
RUINED CITY OF OROLLAN, LASH'S
FORMER HOME. ALMOST LIKE
TERRIGEN PATTERNS,
BUT...CORRUPTED.

WE
HAVEN'T HAD
THE RESOURCES
TO INVESTIGATE, BUT
HE'S BEEN UP TO
SOMETHING.



IN ANY CASE, I THINK WE CAN FIND
BLINKY. WHEN PANACEA HEALED HER,
SHE SENSED SOMETHING...STRANGE.
AND OUR SCANNERS CONFIRMED
THAT BLINKY HAD AN ODD ENERGY
SIGNATURE--ONE THAT WAS ALMOST
INHUMAN, ALTHOUGH THAT MAKES
NO SENSE. WHATEVER IT
IS, I MAY BE ABLE TO
TRACK...

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP



AH. YES.
SHE'S DEFINITELY IN
OROLLAN. THEY'RE NOT
EVEN TRYING TO
HIDE IT.

WHICH
MEANS THAT IT'S
PROBABLY A
TRAP.



SIR, I'D LIKE TO SEND SOMEONE TO HELP YOU, BUT WE ARE STRETCHED THIN RIGHT NOW. WE YOUNGER INHUMANS HAD TO FEND FOR OURSELVES WHILE YOU WERE GONE, AND WE LOST SO MANY.

I...I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN HERE.

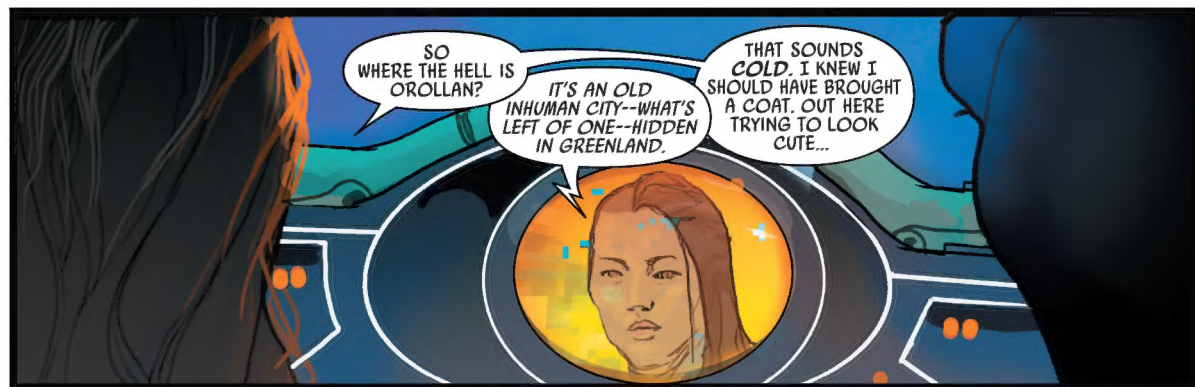
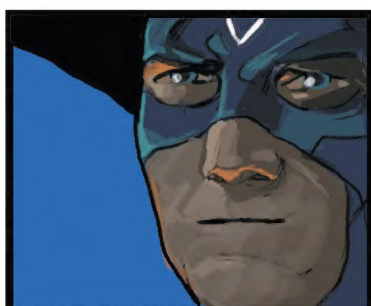
NO, HE'S NOT.



CARL DIED TO SAVE THIS BLINKY PIPSQUEAK. HE GAVE UP HIS CHANCE TO COME HOME TO ME SO THAT SHE COULD LIVE. THERE IS NO WAY IN &*@\$# HELL THAT I'M GOING TO LET THAT GO TO WASTE.



YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO TRY AND STOP ME. TELL YOU WHAT, BLACK BOLT--DON'T, AND I WON'T THROW ANOTHER CAR AT YOUR HEAD. DEAL?



SO WHERE THE HELL IS OROLLAN?

IT'S AN OLD INHUMAN CITY--WHAT'S LEFT OF ONE--HIDDEN IN GREENLAND.

THAT SOUNDS COLD. I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT A COAT. OUT HERE TRYING TO LOOK CUTE...

"...LEAST I
BROUGHT
MY FIGHTIN'
DUDS."

BLACK BOLT FLIES INTO THE NIGHT, HIS DEAD FRIEND'S
WIFE BESIDE HIM. HE KNOWS THAT HE IS HEADING INTO A TRAP.

BUT HE CAN THINK ONLY OF THE CHILD THAT HE HAS ENDANGERED.

HE CAN ONLY HOPE
THAT HE IS NOT TOO
LATE TO SAVE HER.

SO THAT'S
GREENLAND. HUH?
DEFINITELY LOOKS
COLD.

YUP, THAT
LOOKS LIKE A
VILLAIN HQ. GOD
KNOWS I'VE SEEN THE
INSIDE OF ENOUGH OF
THEM. I WONDER
IF--

BLAM

WE'RE
GOING
DOWN!

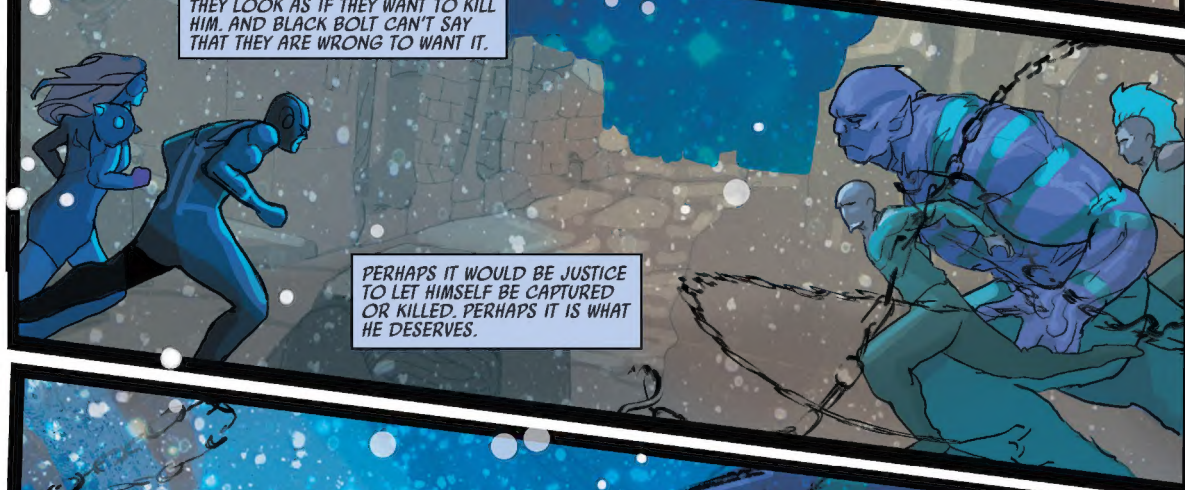
WELL, THAT
HURT.

WHICHEVER
ONE OF YOU
SECOND-RATE
FREAKS DID
THAT--



--IS IN
FOR A WORLD
OF PAIN.

THEY ARE CALLED NUHUMANS--
RAISED AMONG HUMANKIND,
IGNORANT OF THEIR DISGUISED
AND DORMANT INHUMAN
HERITAGE, UNTIL BLACK BOLT
SET OFF A TERRIGEN BOMB
THAT REVEALED THEIR KIND
ACROSS THE GLOBE.

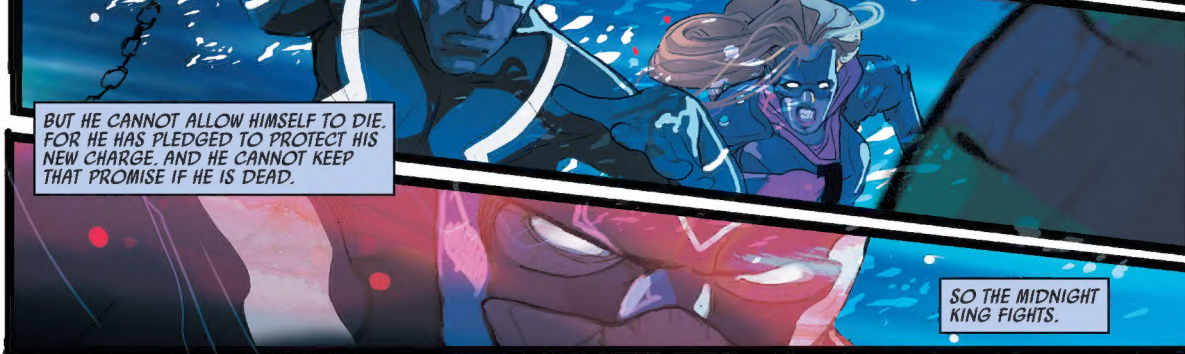


THEY LOOK AS IF THEY WANT TO KILL
HIM, AND BLACK BOLT CAN'T SAY
THAT THEY ARE WRONG TO WANT IT.

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE JUSTICE
TO LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED
OR KILLED. PERHAPS IT IS WHAT
HE DESERVES.

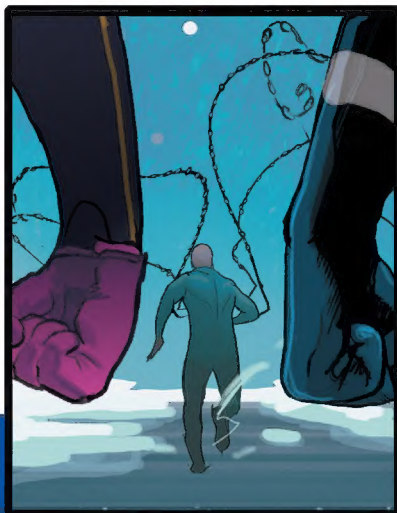
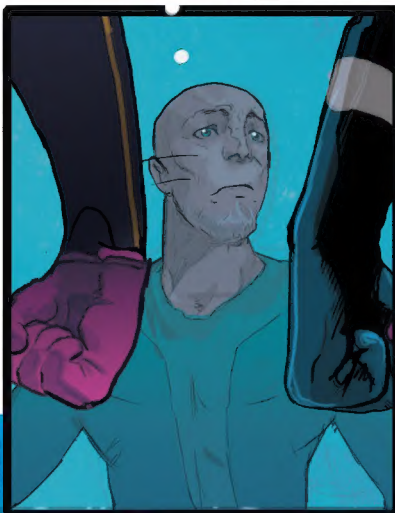
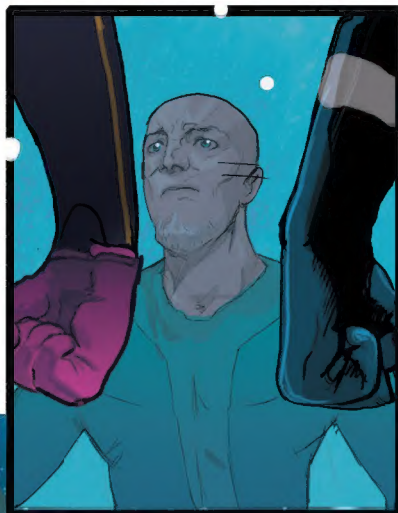
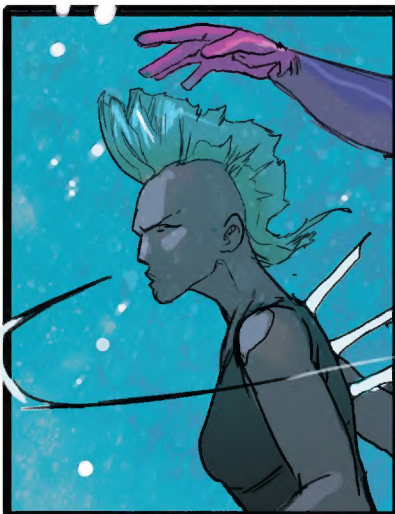
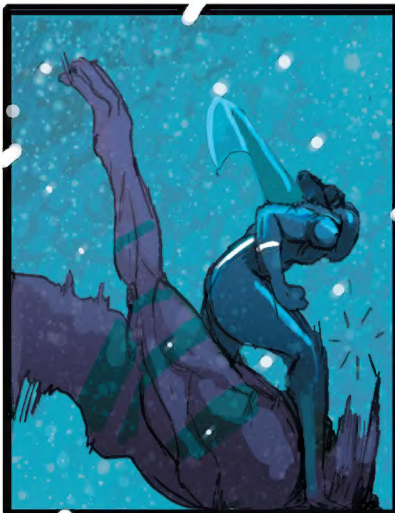


PERHAPS A PART OF
BLACK BOLT WISHES
FOR DEATH.



BUT HE CANNOT ALLOW HIMSELF TO DIE.
FOR HE HAS PLEDGED TO PROTECT HIS
NEW CHARGE, AND HE CANNOT KEEP
THAT PROMISE IF HE IS DEAD.

SO THE MIDNIGHT
KING FIGHTS.





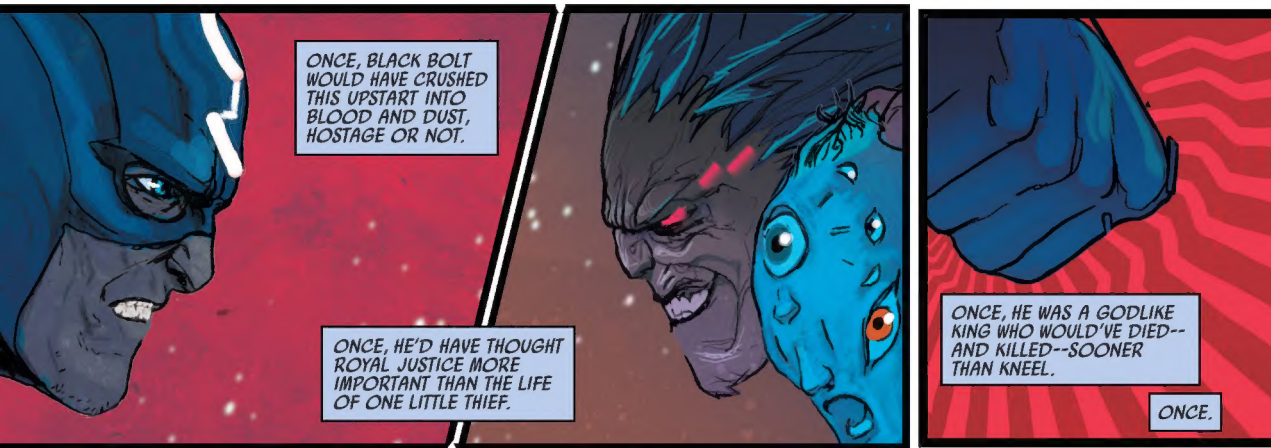
THIS HAS
BEEN DIVERTING,
LITTLE KING. MY PEOPLE
HAVE HAD FEW CHANCES
TO TEST THEMSELVES
IN COMBAT OF
LATE.

CLEARLY THEY
ARE IN NEED
OF FURTHER...
HONING.

BUT THIS
CHARADE HAS
CEASED TO AMUSE ME.
THE SITUATION IS QUITE
SIMPLE--YOU WILL KNEEL
BEFORE ME, OR I WILL
KILL THE CHILD.

BLACK
BOLT!

CHOOSE
NOW, LITTLE
KING.



AH, THE
LITTLE KING WAKES.
GOOD.

DO YOU
SEE THE RUINS OF
OROLLAN AROUND
YOU, BLACK
BOLT?

ONCE, THIS PLACE WAS MAJESTIC. ONCE, INHUMANS
WHO KEPT THE TRUE WAYS FILLED ITS HIDDEN STREETS.
ONCE, THIS PLACE HONORED THE AWESOME
MYSTERY OF TERRIGENESIS.

BEFORE YOU
DEBASED OUR PEOPLE. BEFORE
YOU AND YOUR CONSORT BROUGHT
RUIN AND DEATH TO
INHUMANITY.

FOR SO LONG,
I DESPISED YOU
FOR RELEASING THE
TERRIGEN CLOUD.
YOUR BOMB SPREAD
OUR SACRED GIFT
TO A MOB OF
SAVAGES.

TERRIGENESIS,
OUR PEOPLE'S
MOST BEAUTIFUL GIFT,
WASTED ON THESE
APES.

I THOUGHT IT AN
UNFORGIVABLE CRIME.
I DID NOT KNOW HOW
DANGEROUS THE HUMANS ARE.
WHAT LENGTHS THEY WOULD GO
TO IN ORDER TO PURGE OUR
PEOPLE FROM THEIR LANDS.

I DID NOT
REALIZE HOW DELICATE
OUR PLACE IN THIS WORLD
IS. BUT A GREAT KING CAN
LEARN, AND I HAVE
LEARNED THAT I
WAS WRONG.

THERE ARE
TOO FEW OF US,
AND TOO MANY OF THEM.
WE CANNOT HIDE FROM
THE HUMANS, AND WE
CANNOT COEXIST
WITH THEM.

BUT WE
CAN RULE
THEM.

AND FOR
THAT WE MUST
GROW OUR BLESSED
RANKS. THIS **DEVICE** WILL
DO THAT. IT IS MODELED
ON THE TERRIGEN
BOMB YOU YOURSELF
UNLEASHED ON EARTH,
O KING.



BUT THIS
MAGNIFICENT INSTRUMENT
OF OUR PEOPLE'S VENGEANCE
IS NOT POWERED BY RAW
TERRIGEN.

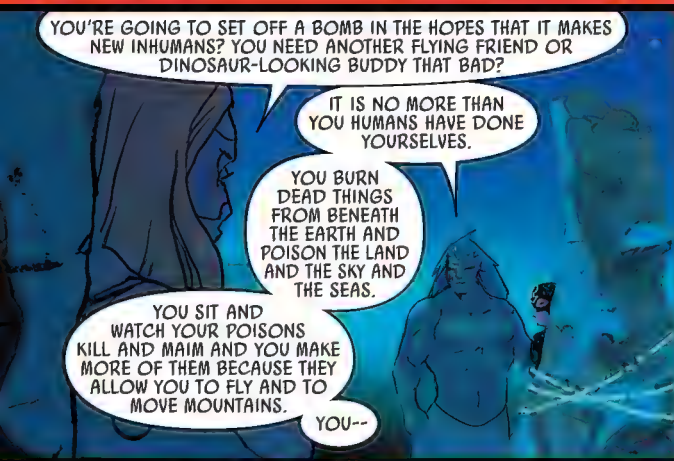
ITS CORE WILL
UTILIZE A BIOREACTIVE
COMPOUND THAT CAN
ONLY BE DERIVED FROM
THE BLOOD OF ONE WHO
WAS EXPOSED TO TERRIGEN
BEFORE BIRTH. ONE SATURATED
WITH OUR MOST SACRED
SUBSTANCE, BACK IN THE
DAYS WHEN IT WAS
MORE PLENTIFUL.



ONE LIKE YOU,
LITTLE KING. THOUGH I FEAR
THE WEAPON REQUIRES *ALL* OF YOUR
BLOOD. IN TRUTH, YOU SHOULD THANK
ME FOR A CHANCE AT SUCH A REDEMPTIVE
SACRIFICE. YOU HAVE BEEN A FAILURE TO
YOUR PEOPLE IN LIFE, BUT YOU WILL
SERVE US IN DEATH.



OF COURSE THIS WEAPON IS NOT AS SOPHISTICATED AS
THE ONE YOU RELEASED. IT WILL MAKE A GREAT MANY
NEW INHUMANS, BUT IT WILL ALSO...ENACT A TOLL.
HUMANS WILL DIE. MILLIONS. I WILL NOT
PRETEND TO BE DISPLEASED.



YOU'RE GOING TO SET OFF A BOMB IN THE HOPES THAT IT MAKES
NEW INHUMANS? YOU NEED ANOTHER FLYING FRIEND OR
DINOSAUR-LOOKING BUDDY THAT BAD?

IT IS NO MORE THAN
YOU HUMANS HAVE DONE
YOURSELVES.

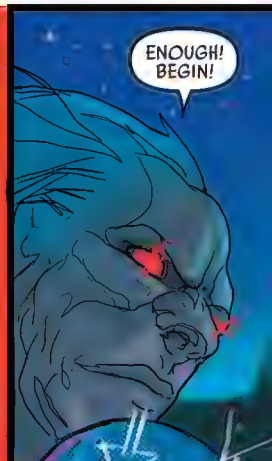
YOU BURN
DEAD THINGS
FROM BENEATH
THE EARTH AND
POISON THE LAND
AND THE SKY AND
THE SEAS.

YOU SIT AND
WATCH YOUR POISONS
KILL AND MAIM AND YOU MAKE
MORE OF THEM BECAUSE THEY
ALLOW YOU TO FLY AND TO
MOVE MOUNTAINS.

YOU--



Y'KNOW, I WAS *WONDERING*
WHEN YOU WERE GOING TO
GET TO THE "WE'RE NOT SO
DIFFERENT" PART OF THIS
INCREDIBLY BORING
SPEECH.



ENOUGH!
BEGIN!



THIS WILL
BE EXCRUCIATING,
O KING. WE ARE INFUSING
YOUR BLOOD WITH A POWERFUL
POISON BEFORE WE DRAIN IT.
IT MAY AFFECT YOUR
MIND.

AH. EVEN
NOW YOU RETREAT INTO
YOURSELF, LIKE A CHILD. DO
NOT BE ASHAMED. YOU
WILL BE DEAD SOON,
REGARDLESS.



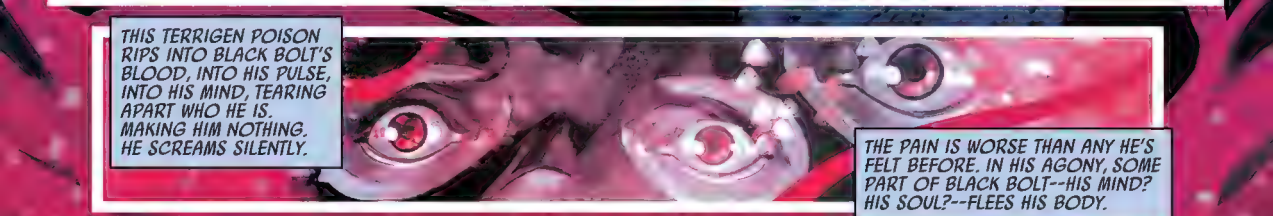


YES. SLEEP,
LITTLE KING.
SLEEP...AND
DREAM OF
DEATH.



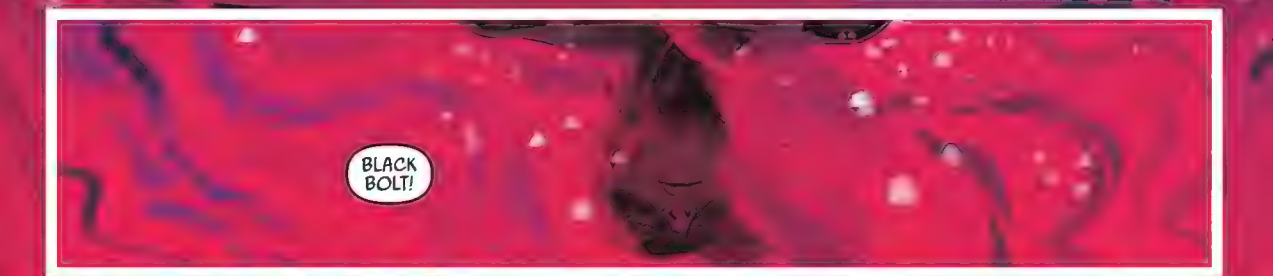
BLACK BOLT HAS FACED
TERRIBLE PAIN THESE PAST
MONTHS, CAGED AND
TORTURED BY A MAD AND
UNFATHOMABLY POWERFUL
CAPTOR. THE JAILER
DESTROYED AND REVIVED
BLACK BOLT'S BODY OVER
AND OVER.

SOMEHOW
THIS IS WORSE.



THIS TERRIGEN POISON
RIPS INTO BLACK BOLT'S
BLOOD, INTO HIS PULSE,
INTO HIS MIND, TEARING
APART WHO HE IS.
MAKING HIM NOTHING.
HE SCREAMS SILENTLY.

THE PAIN IS WORSE THAN ANY HE'S
FELT BEFORE. IN HIS AGONY, SOME
PART OF BLACK BOLT--HIS MIND?
HIS SOUL?--FLEES HIS BODY.



BLACK
BOLT!



IT IS THE VOICE
OF ONE WHO
WAS ONCE HIS
VOICE.

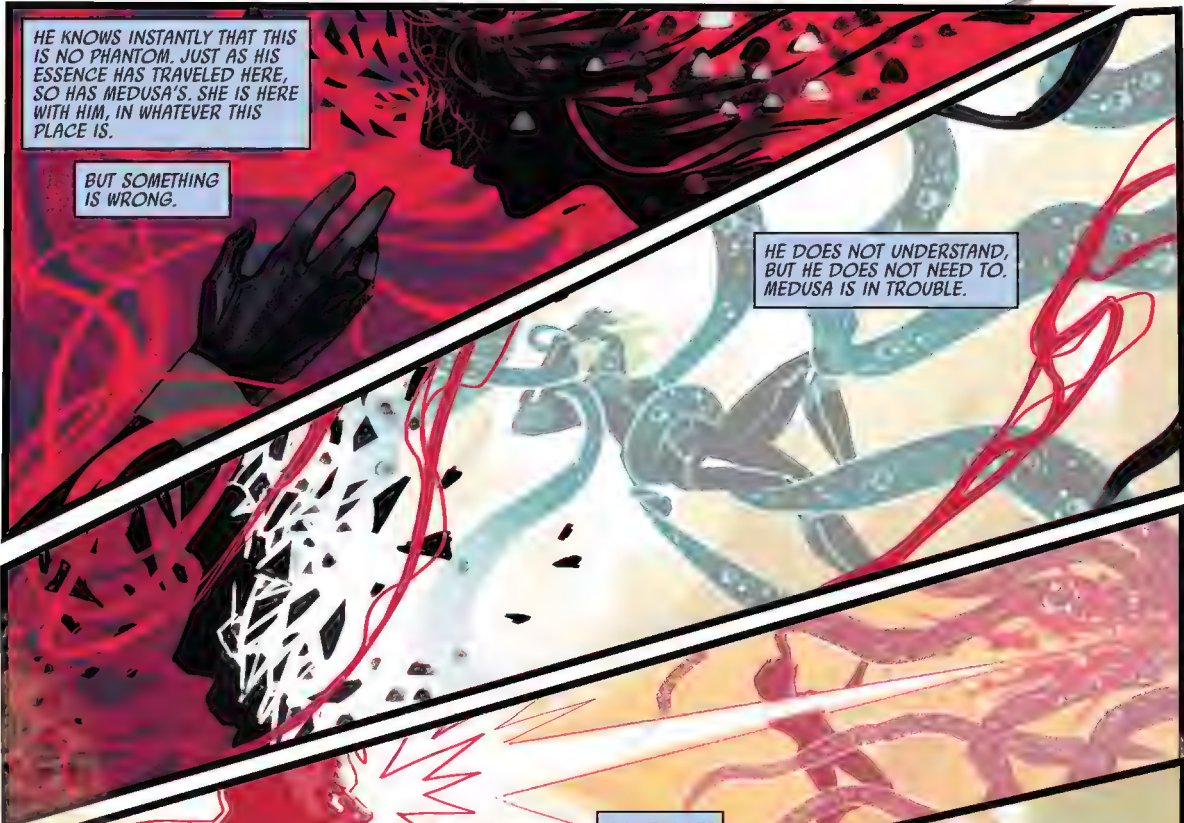
THE VOICE OF
THE PERSON WHO
MATTERS MOST IN
ALL THE UNIVERSE
TO BLACK BOLT.



THE VOICE
OF HIS
BELOVED.

**BLACK
BOLT!**

MEDUSA, ONCE
HIS WIFE AND
CONSORT, ALWAYS
HIS QUEEN. BLACK
BOLT FEARED HE
WOULD DIE
WITHOUT SEEING
HER AGAIN.



HE KNOWS INSTANTLY THAT THIS IS NO PHANTOM. JUST AS HIS ESSENCE HAS TRAVELED HERE, SO HAS MEDUSA'S. SHE IS HERE WITH HIM, IN WHATEVER THIS PLACE IS.

BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG.

HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND, BUT HE DOES NOT NEED TO. MEDUSA IS IN TROUBLE.



SO HE GOES TO HER AID.

ONCE, BLACK BOLT WOULD HAVE COMFORTED HER, WEARING A MASK OF STONE. ONCE, HE COULD HAVE ACTED AS IF HE HIMSELF WERE NOT WOUNDED.



IT IS NOT UNTIL THE THREAT IS VANQUISHED THAT HE REALLY SEES WHAT HIS BELOVED HAS BECOME.

BLACKAGAR?
IS THAT REALLY
YOU?



IT'S AS IF SHE HAS AGED YEARS SINCE HE LAST SAW HER. SHE IS SCARRED AND SICK. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIS QUEEN?

LOOK THAT BAD, DO I? I CAN SEE THE HORROR ON YOUR FACE, THOUGH YOU TRY TO HIDE IT. EVERY FURROW AND RIDGE IS A LINE OF TEXT TO ME, BLACKAGAR. FOR SO LONG IT WAS MY DUTY TO READ THAT TEXT. BUT I HAVE A DIFFERENT MISSION NOW.

I DON'T KNOW HOW I CALLED YOU HERE. BUT COME ON IF YOU'RE COMING.

BUT HE CANNOT GIVE THAT NOW, AND MEDUSA DOES NOT NEED IT.

PERHAPS SHE NEVER DID.

BLACK BOLT FINDS THAT HE CAN SPEAK IN THIS STRANGE PLACE, BUT HE CANNOT FLY. SO HE AND MEDUSA WALK. FOR A THOUSAND MILES THEY WALK. AND THEY SPEAK OF ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED SINCE THEY PARTED.

IN QUIET VOICES THEY RECOUNT THE HIDDEN HORRORS AND SECRET SACRIFICES THEY HAVE ENDURED. FRIENDS MADE AND LOST. COSMIC WONDERS AND LOOMING DOOMS. DAYS.

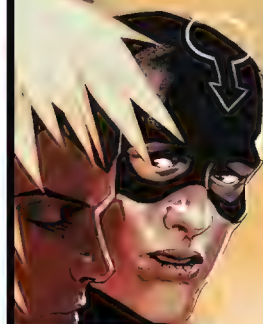
AS THEY WALK, THEIR FEET BLISTER AND THEIR LEGS ACHE, AND THEY COME TO LEAN ON ONE ANOTHER.

BLACK BOLT DOES NOT HOLD MEDUSA UP, AND SHE DOES NOT HOLD HIM UP. INSTEAD, THEY LEAN ON ONE ANOTHER AND THEY SHARE THE PAIN OF THEIR TRIALS.

MEDUSA HAS SACRIFICED SO MUCH TO SAVE THEIR FRIENDS AND THEIR PEOPLE. SO MUCH HAS CHANGED. SO MUCH HAS BEEN BROKEN. AND AT THE END OF THEIR TALE-TELLING, BLACK BOLT BARELY REALIZES HE IS SPEAKING ALOUD AS HE ASKS--

MEDUSA,
DO YOU STILL
LOVE ME?

I...I...MISS YOU. I MISS...SO MUCH OF WHAT WE HAD. BUT WHAT WE HAD WAS BROKEN, BLACKAGAR. AND WE CAN'T GO BACK TO IT. WE CAN'T GO BACKWARD.



FORWARD,
THEN?

FORWARD.

THE SINGLE WORD BRINGS BLACK BOLT MORE HOPE THAN HE HAS FELT IN MONTHS.

BUT...

WHAT?

NO!

HE RESISTS THE POISON! HAVE YOU FOUND SOMEPLACE SAFE IN YOUR MIND TO HIDE, LITTLE KING? COME BACK TO US, NOW...

BLACK BOLT!
I WILL FIND YOU!
I WILL FIND YOU!

BLACK BOLT FEELS LASH'S POISON SNATCHING HIS MIND BACK TO HIS BOUND BODY.

HE WATCHES HELPLESSLY AS MEDUSA'S OWN FOE DRAGS HER AWAY.

BUT HER WORDS STAY WITH HIM.
HER WORDS HELP HIM HOLD HIMSELF
TOGETHER EVEN AS HE IS DRAGGED
FROM HER--

"I WILL
FIND YOU."

ALIVE. SHE WHO MATTERS TO BLACK BOLT
MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF IS ALIVE! FOR
MONTHS HE HAS DREAMED OF HER AND
DREADED LEARNING OF HER FATE. BUT
SHE IS ALIVE AND SHE IS NEAR!

SHE HAS BEEN THROUGH THINGS
AS TERRIBLE AS THOSE BLACK
BOLT HAS FACED, BUT SHE HAS
ENDURED AND NOW SHE IS
SEEKING HIM.

BLACK BOLT HAS
TRIED TO PROTECT
HIS NEW CHARGE
BUT HE HAS FAILED.

HE HAS TRIED TO OFFER
HIS FRIEND'S WIFE SOLACE,
BUT HE HAS BROUGHT HER
ONLY PAIN.

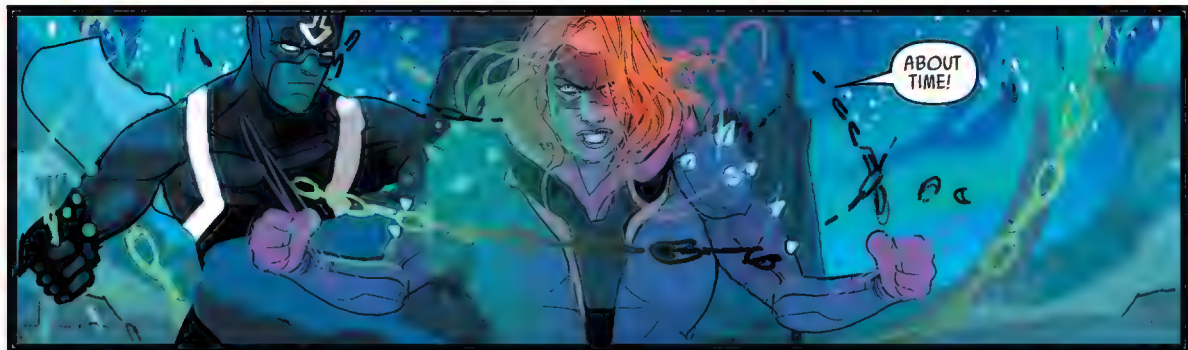
HE IS A BROKEN KING
AND A BROKEN MAN. AND
YET...MEDUSA HAS REMINDED
HIM THAT BROKEN THINGS
CAN BE REMADE. THAT HE
CAN HOLD HIS JAGGED
PIECES TOGETHER LONG
ENOUGH TO PROTECT
THOSE WHO NEED HIM.

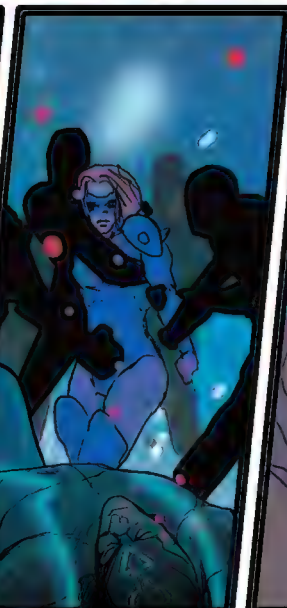
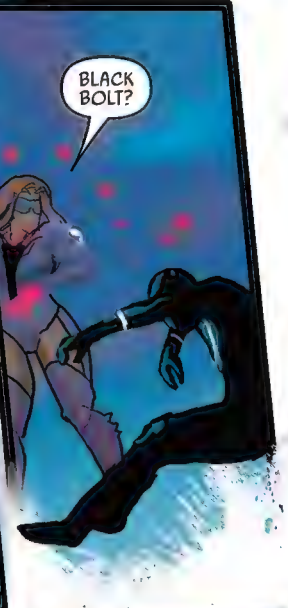
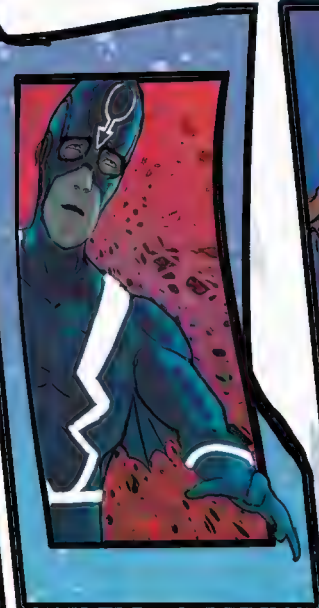
THAT HE
MUST.

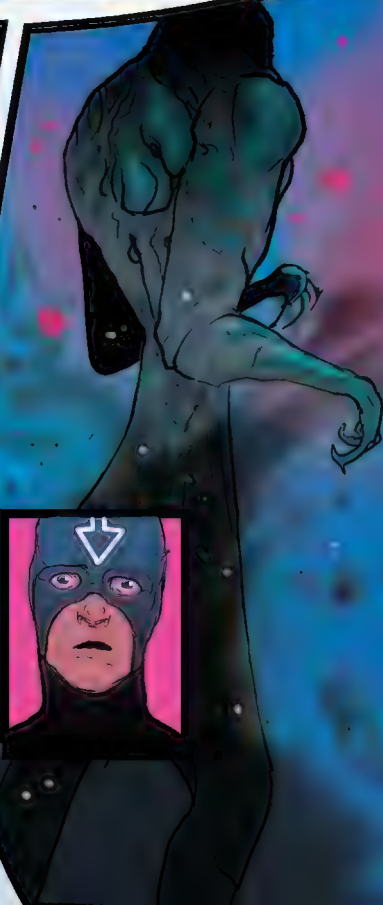
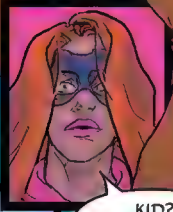
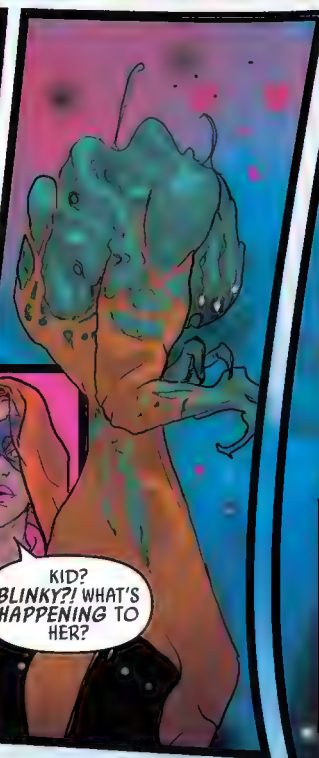
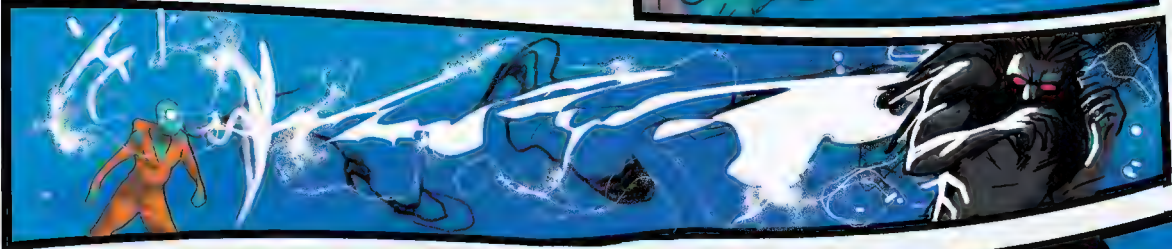
BLACK BOLT GRITS HIS
TEETH. HE WILL FREE THE
CHILD, THEN HE WILL GO
TO HIS BELOVED. AND
HE WILL KILL ANY OF
THESE MEN WHO GET
IN HIS WAY.

AH,
HE STIRS AT LAST.
HAS THE POISON--
WAIT, NO...!









**PENANCE! PENANCE
IN DEATH FOR
YOUR CRIMES AND
VIOLATIONS!**



TO BE CONTINUED...



SOUND OFF!



We want to hear from you! Send your emails to mheroes@marvel.com and please mark them "OKAY TO PRINT."



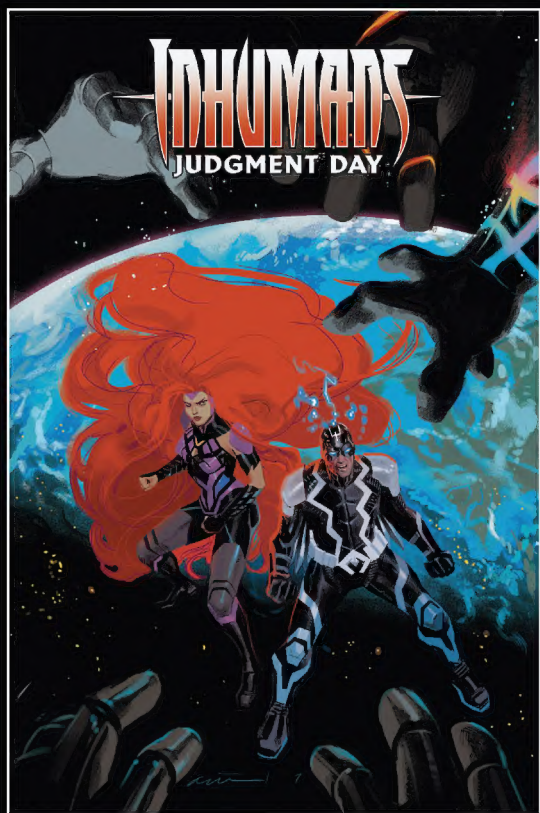
All right, Boltagons, I know you're dying after that cliffhanger, but let's take a moment to contemplate just how far we've come. **BLACK BOLT VOL. 1: HARD TIME** came out last month, and you all have been raining praise on our odd little series. **BLACK BOLT** ended up on a ton of "Best of 2017" lists, including Gamespot's and *Entertainment Weekly's*, and the whole team here couldn't be more grateful. Thank you for all your support! And if you're new to **BLACK BOLT**, please go out and pick up a copy of **HARD TIME**—you're gonna love it.

You might've also noticed our "soft crossover" in this issue, the four-page sequence drawn by the brilliant Stephanie Hans. Over in the **ROYALS** series, Al Ewing has been reshaping Inhuman history in wild ways, and in the conclusion to that series—last month's **INHUMANS: JUDGMENT DAY** one-shot (still on stands, but also collected in the **ROYALS VOL. 2: JUDGMENT DAY** trade paperback, on sale now)—we saw the long-awaited reunion of our Inhuman king and queen from Medusa's point of view. And now here in this issue, we got to see it from **Black Bolt's** POV.

Saladin and Al felt it appropriate that their respective series "share" such a momentous moment, and we think they came up with a pretty ingenious way to do it, where both versions of the scene stand on their own, yet also complement each other nicely if you choose to read both.

But now **Black Bolt's** got another reunion on his hands, doesn't he? Come back next month for the return of the Jailer!!!

See you then,
Sarah



NEXT:
BLACK BOLT
#11

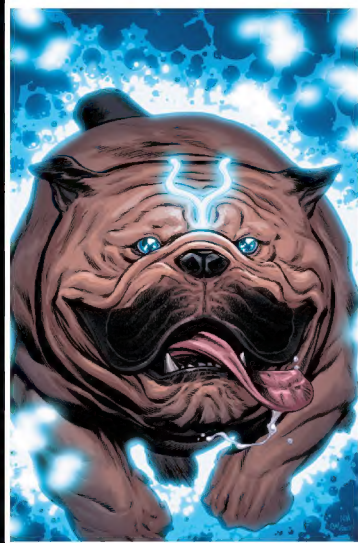
**FOR MORE
INHUMANS:**

In three weeks, don't miss **LOCKJAW** #1, the start of a terrific new four-issue miniseries about everyone's favorite teleporting dog!

We're super-excited about this book. Daniel Kibblesmith—a hilarious writer who works on *The Late Show* and recently published a book called *Santa's Husband*—has cooked up a really fun, heart-filled romp around the Marvel Universe, all charismatically illustrated by up-and-comer Carlos Villa!

As you faithful **BLACK BOLT** readers know, back in BB #5 we caught a glimpse of Lockjaw's origin, and this mini is going to reveal even more—namely that Lockjaw has brothers and sisters!

So make sure to grab a copy!



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THE SEVEN SEAS

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